

HER SURPRISE.

By THOMAS R. DEAN.
(Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.)

There is no place wherein men—and women, too—will sooner sink to the brute level than in a lumber camp.

Miss Margaret Storms of St. Louis was the daughter of an owner of lumber property in Wisconsin. She was city born and bred and had never been in a wild country in her life. But one winter she took it into her head to go with her father to his lumber property, and, although he told her that the people were very rough and she would not like to be among them, she was possessed with a desire to go, and she did.

From the moment of her arrival she seemed to delight in the wild woods and showed no disinclination for the rude lumber folk she met there. She was eager to go about and in order to be able to travel on the surface of the snow she asked for some one to teach her to walk in snowshoes. A guide named Jim Hogan, a tall, strapping son of the woods, was recommended to her as an expert snowshoer and skis teacher. Jim had physical beauty enough to captivate a dozen women. He had a profusion of curly black hair, large brown eyes, an oval face, shaved except for a drooping mustache, and the figure of an Apollo Belvedere. He was perfectly fearless and thoroughly versed in woodcraft.

But here the guide's qualifications as a lady killer ceased. He could read and write, but he had never read anything he had no ability to impart to others. He had little fancy for women and was rather annoyed at their attentions. Indeed, he kept himself as much as possible away from the settlements to avoid them.

Strange as it may appear, Miss Storms, who had been educated in the best schools, came under the spell of this ignorant woodsman. But it should not appear so improbable when we remember that the early kings of England could neither read nor write. True, their queens were just as ignorant, but there is ample evidence that they loved their husbands. At any rate, the lumber capitalist's daughter, skimming over the snow with her teacher, became bewitched. Possibly she possessed an emotional nature. Possibly her fancy was fired by seeing his graceful figure threading its way before her through the interminable woods. Be the cause what it may, she came to feel that life would be a wretched existence without her Hogan.

It happened that the daughter of the storekeeper of the camp found more favor in Hogan's eyes than Miss Storms. This girl, Anna Woodson, was also a city girl, but not of the class of Miss Storms. Perhaps the fact that she was nearer Hogan's level gave her his preference. He had become aware that Miss Storms was infatuated with him and that Miss Woodson really loved him. He did not break with either, fearing trouble with her he discarded. He disliked especially to break with Miss Storms, for her father was paying him a handsome sum each week for his daughter's instruction.

One day Miss Storms was driving in her father's buggy when she overtook Jim Hogan and Miss Woodson walking side by side. Influenced by a sudden impulse, induced by jealousy, Miss Storms as she passed the couple gave her rival a cut with her whip, leaving a red welt on her cheek.

There was no opportunity to resent the insult then and there, for in a moment Miss Storms was beyond reach. Miss Woodson burned for an opportunity to get her fingers in Miss Storms' hair and so expressed herself to Mr. Hogan. Terrified at being the cause of a fracas between the two women, he told her that if she attacked her rival he would leave the camp and neither girl would hear from him again.

Miss Woodson, fearing that he would keep his word, yet not being able to restrain her thirst for revenge, chose a middle course. She secretly sent a challenge to Miss Storms to fight a duel. The feelings that induced this city girl who had been carefully reared to fight a duel with another girl in a lumber camp cannot be analyzed. Was it the influence of the wild ways among which she had fallen? Was it hate for her rival? Was it a return to the brute instincts which some scientists say were once common with all? Whatever the motives, the challenge was accepted.

Unfortunately seconds were necessary. Indeed, some one was needed to bear the challenge. The bearer told her most intimate friend, who in turn told her most intimate friend. This included two intimate friends, besides the principals, who knew of the affair. But as each intimate friend had one or more intimate friends within a few hours after the challenge had passed the coming duel was known of all over the camp.

Hogan did.

One of Mr. Storms' managing men informed him of the situation, and when the next train left Miss Storms was on it.

A few years later Miss Storms married a professor of Greek literature in one of the universities. She took a fancy to go on her wedding trip to the father's lumber camp. While there she bribed a lumberman to walk the man for whom she had been willing to unsex herself and risk her life past the cable occupied by herself and her husband. Hogan walked by with the lumberman, and the professor's wife observed him from behind a curtain.

"Oh, heaven!" she exclaimed. "How could I have done it?"

A Short Fall.

"Golly, Mike, are you alive after falling two stories?"

"Why, that's not far; this is a fifty-story building."—Judge.

The accident came to him; the fall was himself—Drayton.

CONVICTED ON TWO COUNTS

Guilty of Unbecoming Conduct and Maltreating Inhabitant

IS SAID TO BE VERDICT

Acquitted on Charge of Uttering Falsehood—Ultimate Punishment Likely to Be Merely Loss of a Few Numbers in Rank.

Washington, Feb. 7.—It is learned on high authority that the plea of chivalry as a defense for Paymaster George Percival Auld in the naval court-martial at Boston failed to save the young officer from conviction. According to this information, the testimony of Miss Dorothy Healer, the young Chicago girl about whom the fight between Dr. Edward Spencer Cowles of Boston and Auld started, did not deter the court-martial from sentencing Auld to punishment.

The papers in the Auld case reached the navy department yesterday and were referred to Judge Advocate General Russell by Assistant Secretary Beekman Winthrop. The papers were kept secret, but it was learned from an indisputable source that Auld had been convicted on two of the charges preferred against him by Dr. H. E. Ames, inspector at the Charleston navy yard.

The accusation of falsehood, which was practically dropped during the trial, was held to be groundless, but it is understood the charges of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman and maltreating an inhabitant were sustained.

May Lose a Few Numbers.

The degree of punishment has not been made public. It is believed that it is severe and that the secretary of the navy will mitigate it to a reduction of a few numbers in rank. The navy department has contended that the only fault of Auld was in choosing the wrong place to take Dr. Cowles to task for his alleged discourtesies to Miss Healer. The fight occurred at a naval hop given by Dr. Ames and his daughter, Dr. Cowles is a cousin of Rear Admiral Cowles, brother-in-law of the former president, Roosevelt.

It is not thought that the court's sentence involves dismissal. If this were the findings, the papers would have to go to President Taft. The final review of the court-martial proceedings will be delayed until Secretary Meyer returns to the city.

The department will not wait until the conclusion of the trial for Assistant Surgeon Ansey Hamilton Robnett, jointly accused with Auld, before announcing the Auld verdict. While the two cases grew out of the same brawl, they are not similar and one does not depend on the other.

Big Shake-up Expected.

Following the promulgation of the court-martial orders in both cases, it is expected that there will be a big shake-up in the Boston navy yard. The scandal growing out of the fight at the hop has disrupted the naval colony there, and the good of the service demands changes.

Factions have developed and it is possible that Inspector Ames will be transferred. Auld and Robnett will be detached from the station in all probability, but the commandant, Capt. John C. Fremont, may be kept at the post.

Joseph Auld, a Vermont newspaper publisher, is in Washington and will try to have the department reverse the findings of the court-martial. Mr. Auld is wealthy and has said that he would spend his time and money to obtain a complete vindication of his son's conduct at the hall.

If Acquitted, Auld Would Have Been So Notified.

Boston, Feb. 7.—Paymaster Auld expressed no surprise when told of the probability that he had been convicted on two of the three counts brought against him. He said he understood that if he had been acquitted he would have been notified under the usual naval procedure. He said he had not been so notified. Beyond expressing satisfaction that "the whole story" had come out, Paymaster Auld declined to make any comment.



R&G CORSETS

Model A67 is a new one.

A Short Fall.

"Golly, Mike, are you alive after falling two stories?"

"Why, that's not far; this is a fifty-story building."—Judge.

The accident came to him; the fall was himself—Drayton.

WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Grantville, Va.—"I was passing through the change of life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period, as restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—Mrs. CHAS. BARCLAY, R.F.D., Grantville, Va.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Mrs. Barclay says it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

WIVES WAST WAGE OF THE HUSBANDS

So a College Professor Says, and Explains Why Men Resort to Stimulants.

Chicago, Feb. 7.—One-fifth of the husband's salary is wasted by the average wife through ignorance of what and how to buy when she goes to the market.

One-fourth of the stipend is spent for food, and another fourth goes into other purchases of purchases by the wife, leaving only one-fifth for the family and furnishings for the home.

These were some of the statements made before the marketing class of the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences by Dr. Harrison Smalley of the University of Michigan.

Dr. Smalley also presented statistics to show that stimulants in most cases were taken because of the lack of the right kind of food. Proper study by the housekeeper, he asserted, would reduce intoxication.

The marketing class is composed of students assembled to study the position of woman as the spender in the household.

WEDS TO SAVE MOTHER'S LIFE.

Major's Daughter Marries Battleship Steward.

New York, Feb. 7.—Gratification of the fondest wish of Mrs. Mathilda Cohen, widow of Major Cohen, U. S. Marine Corps, that her daughter, Miss Ethel, should become the wife of Steward and Frederick Lewis of the battleship Indiana, which it was hoped would save her life, has proved of no avail. Her daughter was married on Feb. 1.

The home of the Cohens was filled all day yesterday with a constant stream of friends. All offered their sincere condolences to the bereaved family, but not a few were those who took the opportunity to see for the first time the gallant enlisted man who won the daughter of a commissioned officer.

"Our marriage was not to have taken place for two years," said the bridegroom last night, "but last Tuesday I received a telegram to hurry over from Philadelphia, where my ship is stationed. When I reached New York, Mrs. Cohen told me she thought she would feel better if she saw me married. So the wedding was performed at the side of the sick bed."

GLAZIER AND FAMILY FAINT.

Former State Treasurer of Michigan Is Sentenced to 5 or 10 Years.

Mason, Mich., Feb. 7.—Former State Treasurer Frank P. Glazier of Chelsea, Mich., was sentenced by Judge West Saturday to serve not less than five nor more than 10 years in prison for misappropriating \$685,000 of state funds. Glazier controlled a bank at Chelsea, which failed in December, 1907, and the money had been deposited in this bank contrary to law.

As the judge concluded sentence, Glazier turned away from the bench and wept. His wife endeavored to assist him to his feet, but in her excitement fell beside her husband. Two daughters hurrying to the aid of their parents only added to the confusion and quickly fell themselves, all four lying upon the court-room floor before the judge's bench. Excitement was intense, but it was soon seen that none of the Glazier family was seriously ill. All of them were assisted to their feet and Glazier was led across the street to the jail to wait the completion of the commitment papers sending him to prison.

EXTENSIVE FIRE IN HARTFORD.

Five Families Homeless—Loss Quarter Million.

East Hartford, Conn., Feb. 7.—A garage, lumber yard, four tenement blocks, an office building and other smaller structures were burned here Saturday morning.

Five families were rendered homeless. So far as known, no one suffered injury.

The loss is estimated at between \$200,000 and \$250,000, with partial insurance.

The cause of the fire is not known.

LOST, A \$10,000 CERTIFICATE

Boy Sent to Bank Is Missing Over Night

NEXT DAY HE COMES BACK

With Parents and Says He Was in a Trance and He Doesn't Know What Happened—Charged with Grand Larceny.

New York, Feb. 7.—The ticker startled hundreds of business offices here Saturday and set a small army of messenger boys on a fruitless quest, with this laconic announcement: "Lost, a \$10,000 bill. Notify Hornblower & Weeks." Investigation showed Saturday night that the bill went astray on Friday morning, but was not reported lost until Saturday. Hornblower & Weeks have not its number, but hope to recover it, owing to the difficulty of passing a bill of such a large denomination. On Friday morning, Benson Lang, 17, who has been employed by Hornblower & Weeks for four months as a messenger, was given the bill to take to the National City bank for deposit. The bill was pinned to a deposit slip, and both bill and slip were inclosed in the firm's bank book. Young Lang never reached the bank, and did not return to his office. Saturday morning he reported the loss to his employers, accompanied by his mother. Saturday night he was locked up in police headquarters, charged with being a suspicious person. This is the story he tells the police.

"I never had seen so much money in a bill before, and I couldn't help showing it, first to the elevator man, then to another bank runner, and finally to a Greek bootblack, who has a stand in front of the building. I let him handle it and hold it up to the light. He didn't believe it could be real. He gave it back to me; I put it into the passbook, put the passbook in my overcoat pocket and hurried to the bank. When I took the passbook out, the bill was gone." Lang says he was so dazed by his loss that he wandered about the streets all day until nightfall, when he confessed his plight to his mother and went to bed. The boy has been an outdoor patient at the psychopathic ward of Bellevue hospital, as was shown by two cards in his pocket, both of which gave fictitious addresses. When asked why he had not given the hospital his true address, he could only say: "I didn't want to." On other particulars of his story, close questioning has failed to shake him.

GIRL RETURNED HOME.

New Haven Miss Had Been Absent for Three Days.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 7.—Catherine Day, the 15-year-old daughter of Arthur H. Day of this city, who vanished Friday morning when she started to school, walked in unannounced on the family at noon yesterday as they were about to sit down for lunch. Mr. Day was almost overcome when he saw his daughter apparently well and after the first exclamation of surprise he questioned her as to her whereabouts for the last three days.

"I was in the Grand Central Station in New York all the time since Friday night," she explained.

"You mean to say that you spent two nights and days in the Grand Central station?" questioned her father.

"Yes, that's just what I did," replied the girl.

She would give no other explanation.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

How They Beat Their Slaves in Mexico.

Herman Whitaker, author of "The Planter," recently made a trip to Mexico to investigate some rubber plantations there. He writes of his experiences and of some of the things which he saw as an eyewitness for the February

MAGAZINE REVIEW

For Luggage Abroad.

"If you are reading up for your trip in Europe next summer, you will notice that most of the guide books advise one to dispense with a trunk and take only hand luggage," says Hester Fairgrave in Woman's Home Companion for February. Do so by all means, but remember that numerous pieces of hand luggage are more vexations than one trunk.

"A girl I know compressed her entire baggage into one suit case—not a leather one, but a light wicker telescope with strong shawl straps and a comfortable handle. A tiny padlock was fastened securely through the straps when it seemed wise. To make the case fairly damp proof, she covered it neatly with dark green denim, which matched her travelling suit in color. A folding umbrella was slipped lengthwise under the straps at the top; her raincoat when not in use was strapped flat on the side; there was room in the case for her short jacket. Instead of the inevitable hand bag, a leather side bag with several pockets, held the needed tickets, cards, key, and so forth.

"Inside the outer part, or lid, of the case she tucked a piece of denim with fitted pockets of different sizes to hold not only toilet articles, such as soap box and brushes, but her drinking cup, sewing and writing materials, and all small things. Instead of unpacking this when she reached each place, she simply lifted the lid off into a drawer and used the articles from there, replacing each after using; so there was no waste of precious time collecting little belongings at each departure.

"In the other side of the case were the tight rolls of underclothing; over them she hid two dimly envelopes the size of the case, in which were letters to friends and the silk gown. For these she crepe de chine and Shantung silk packed most satisfactorily without wrinkles. Having a raincoat and the silk skirt, she found her one cloth skirt quite enough, and also only one petticoat, which was of strong silk, lined throughout with tan mackinac on the inside. It also served two large flat pockets with buttoned flaps, which on short excursions held a veil, extra handkerchiefs, and even her light rubbers."

Hypnotism Applied in Emmanuel Church.

Any person may apply to Emmanuel church for treatment irrespective of religion, color or station. No fees are taken by the ministers for any services they may render; the work is supported by voluntary contributions. No person is received for treatment until he has been thoroughly examined by the physician and has gained his approval. In case the patient has no physician, he must choose one and put him in his care before he can receive treatment. It must also be specially noted that throughout the administration of the psychic and moral remedies which I am about to describe, the patient continues under the care of a physician, who prescribes, if he deems it necessary, medicine, a physical regimen, electricity, baths, and the like. The plan will thus be seen to be based upon an idea to which I have already referred; that of the interdependence of the mind and the nervous system. The methods are:

(1) Suggestion. There is perhaps no word more frequently used and less understood. In the therapeutic sense, we may define suggestion as the method of influencing thought and feeling through ideas which work, not in the clear light of consciousness, but in that region of the mind which lies, as it were, below the threshold of consciousness, and which we now know exercises a deep influence upon our mental, moral, and physiological life.

The means by which the ideas may be conveyed are various: now it is the spoken word, now a gesture, again an electrical or mechanical shock, and still again the subtle and indefinable quality of an inspiring personality. We do not know that the smallest physical process depends on the nerve impulse belonging to it; that these nerve impulses take their origin in the activity of the brain; that the activity of the brain is associated with states of activity, even upon our mental, moral, and physiological life. It is, by suggestion, that there is an element in our inner life which can produce mental effects without consciousness. To this, various names have been given, such as "subconscious," "unconscious," "subliminal," and so forth.—Rev. Samuel McComb, in Everybody's.

How They Beat Their Slaves in Mexico.

Herman Whitaker, author of "The Planter," recently made a trip to Mexico to investigate some rubber plantations there. He writes of his experiences and of some of the things which he saw as an eyewitness for the February

SHAWMUT RUBBERS

NOT MADE BY A TRUST

For Sale by The Homer Fitts Company, Barre. J. K. Lynde Co., Williamstown, W. H. Miles Co., Granitville, Ricker Bros., Groton, L. P. Hight, West Topsham, H. D. McGrillis, Marshfield, A. H. Pepper, Washington.

HER ONE QUESTION.

The Woman in the Case, as Usual, Had the Last Word.

When Mr. Jenkins went to his bedroom at half past 11 it was with the determination of going to sleep and with another determination that he would not be interviewed by Mrs. Jenkins. So as soon as he had entered the door and deposited his lamp upon the dressing table he commenced to undress and to make his speech:

"I looked the front door. I put the chain on. I pulled the key out a little bit. The dog is inside. I put the kitten out. I emptied the drip pan of the refrigerator. The cook took the silver to bed with her. I put a cane under the knob of the back hall door. I put the fastenings over the bathroom windows. The parlor fire has coal on. I put the cake box back in the closet. I did not drink all the milk. It is not going to ruin. Nobody gave me any message for you. I mailed your letter as soon as I got downtown. Your mother did not call at the office. Nobody did that we are interested in. Did not hear of a marriage or engagement. I was very busy at the office making out bills. I have hung my clothes over chair backs. I want a new egg for breakfast. I think that is all, and I will now put out the light."

Mr. Jenkins felt that he had hedged against all inquiry, and a triumphant smile was upon his face as he took hold of the gas check and sighted a line for the bed when he was startled quaked by the query from Mrs. Jenkins. "Why don't you take off your hat?"—Argonaut.

A STORY OF MEISSONIER.

The Painter's Two Breakfasts With a Stingy Art Patron.

Meissonier once got acquainted with a Parisian grandee, very wealthy, very fond of painting as an art patron, but slightly peevish. One day Meissonier, breakfasting with the grandee, was struck by the beauty of the texture of the tablecloth. "One could drape upon it," he remarked, and, smiling the action to the word, he produced a pencil and made on the smooth, snowy nap a wonderfully able sketch of a man's head. The particular tablecloth in question never went to the wash. The "economical swell" had the head carefully cut out of the damask and hastened to frame and glaze his prize. A few weeks afterward Meissonier again breakfasted with his patron and found by the side of his plate at the corner of the table assigned to him a neat little sheaf of crayons and holders, with a penknife and some India rubber.

While the guests, at the conclusion of the repast, were enjoying their coffee and cigarettes the host saw with delight "from the corner of his eye" that Meissonier was hard at work on the tablecloth, this time with a superb little full length of a mediaeval halberdier. The party broke up, the guests departed, and the "economical swell" rushed back to the dining room to secure his treasure. But, alas, the painter had for once shown himself as economical as his patron! He had made disastrously good use of the penknife, and one corner of the tablecloth was gone, halberdier and all!

Making Good Makes Friends

There is no way of making lasting friends like "Making Good"; and Dr. Pierce's medicines well exemplify this, and their friends, after more than two decades of popularity are numbered by the hundreds of thousands. They have "made good" and they have not made drunkards. A good, honest square-deal medicine of known composition is

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It still enjoys an immense sale, while most of the preparations that came into prominence in the earlier period of its popularity have "gone by the board" and are never more heard of. There must be some reason for this long-time popularity and that is to be found in its superior merits. When once given a fair trial for weak stomach, or for liver and blood affections, its superior curative qualities are soon manifest; hence it has survived and grown in popular favor, while scores of less meritorious articles have suddenly flashed into favor for a brief period and then been as soon forgotten.

For a torpid liver with its attendant indigestion, dyspepsia, headache, perhaps dizziness, foul breath, nasty coated tongue, with bitter taste, loss of appetite, with distress after eating, nervousness and debility, nothing is as good as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It's an honest, square-deal medicine with all its ingredients printed on bottle-wrapper—no secret, no hocus-pocus humbug, therefore don't accept a substitute that the dealer may make a little bigger profit. Insist on your right to have what you call for. Don't buy

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Expecting it to prove a "cure-all." It is only advised for woman's special ailments.

It makes weak women strong, sick women well. Less advertised than some preparations sold for like purposes, its sterling curative virtues still maintain its position in the front ranks, where it stood over two decades ago. As an invigorating tonic and strengthening nerve it is unequalled. It won't satisfy those who want "booze," for there is not a drop of alcohol in it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills, although the first pill of their kind in the market, still lead, and when once tried are ever afterwards in favor. Easy to take as candy. They regulate and invigorate Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

